CHIMAY AND THE SULTAN.

The Erratic Princess Going to Dance at Abdul Hamid's Royal Theatre.

THE Princess de Chimay will dance before the Sultan.

In spite of the odor of old vegetables and the obloquy of repeated rebuffs in Paris and Berlin, the erratic Princess—ex-wife of a French noble, the ex-adventuress, ex-intriguante and ex-living picture—is once more to prance out before the footlights before a royal admirer.

Well may Rigo, the Tzigane, weep and tear his hair, and curse in choice Hungarian at this latest decision of his wife. Well may he worry over the probable outcome. The Princess will listen to no advice, for she is absolutely certain that this new royal admirer is in love with her.

It may be so. This particular edition of royalty is multifarious in his tender emotions, and there is no telling just what or where his corporeal affections may land next. Sometimes he cuts off the heads of some of his lady loves and forgets about them the next day.

The name of the Chimay's new admirer is Abdul Hamid, and he is known as the Sultan of Turkey.

The Sultan's reported infatuation is not strange. He is blase, and barnacled with cares. He longs for something new. He is weary of the sight of emotionless odalisques, and the bag of Turkish trousers and the gleam of slant Oriental eyes.

A month or two ago, Wat el Eddar, the press censor, came into the presence, prostrated himself before the throne and with his forehead in the dust handed up a Berlin pictorial newspaper and two photographs.

The Sultan had heard anecdotes of Eve and the Garden of Eden and of the fall. Here was practically the same thing, pictorially represented by the charming Chimay. He was interested. Long he gazed at the photographs, plunged in thought.

Then, bidding the censor arise, the Sultan dictated a telegram to the Princess offering great largesse for her appearance at the royal theatre in the palace before an audience, or rather a spectator, composed of Abdul Hamid. And the Sultan slept sounder than usual that night in anticipation of the coming of the beautiful Princess.

In far away France the beautiful but erratic Princess opened the telegram and was duly struck dumb. "The brute!" said Rigo; "what cheek, to be sure! I will challenge him to a duel. Of course, we will not go."

The Princess smiled and began to dream, just as the Sultan had done. There was, after all, a new sensation in the world—that of dancing as a Christian before a monster who had killed 20,000 Christians.

What delight! What pleasure! She would swing, and sway, and pirouette before this bloody ogre, and feel like a little white mouse before a green-eyed and cruel cat.

Once Princess Chimay wrote to a friend in New York, even before her elopement with Rigo: "I want a sensation utterly new and novel. I would like the love of some brute—a murderer, a fugitive from justice, a convict. One who would, perhaps, beat me and make me forget the blows in the strength and fury of his love."

Something of this was in the Princess's mind when she turned to Rigo, her fiddling lover. "Go!" Of course, we will go. It will be a pleasure as well as a novelty. I am very ennuye here."

This was four weeks ago. Rigo tore his hair and wept and pleaded in vain. Then he threatened to have his wife arrested. As a last resort he strode out of the apartments with an assumed "All-is-over-between-ur" air.

He knew that this would fetch the Princess. It did. It brought out a scream that roused the natives.

"Etait ce donc pour m'abandonner en suite que tu m'as fait perdre ma couronne!" she howled, in a tragic flood of tears.

Well, Rigo came back, and the Princess will dance before the Sultan. Abdul Hamid was evidently caught by the glamour of the Princess's Berlin debut.

Those who saw the Princess before the limelights on that occasion have not yet got over it. Her exhibition of histrionic art was mainly a plethora of curves and a paucity of drapery.

While she was posing in the music halls, it is said that she varied the sameness of the act by posing for private parties as an exceedingly living picture.

This put the Teuton sleuths on the alert, and thereafter she was followed. Her photographs were confiscated as were also the papers that had reproduced them.

And the Princess, if she dances at all, will dance just as she is said to have danced before the gay young men in the private parties in Berlin.

She will out-Egypt Egypt, and there will be no fuss about it either. Very oddly, she will look on that peculiarly Oriental stage in the Sultan's private theatre, with its dark, rough curtains of red and blue, its quaint draperies and dark pillowed divans and nooks.

And she will dance to Oriental music, too, with those shrill metal castanets in her hands and the bangles of bells on her ankles.

This, however, is the Sultan's prerogative. He probably could not stand a modern orchestra.

And when it is all over what will become of the Princess? Will she return to France or will she quietly disappear, as many other Caucasian women have disappeared in the neighborhood of the Sultan's palace? There is no accounting for the moods of a fine old brute like Abdul, and in case he makes an example of the princess and secludes her from future posing or agonizing it is not likely that France will make any reprisals.

Rigo has not been consulted in the matter at all. In fact, he is never consulted about anything in particular. Only a few weeks ago the Princess went bathing at Virelles in a costume that was pretty close to startling.

Two dozen small boys gathered around and commented on her appearance. They called her trouille—provincial patois for "trout." It did not fluster the Princess a particle.

"See, Rigo," she said; "thus will I dance before the Sultan." Then she went through a variety of steps that were startling. She continued them until the police came.

All Paris is awaiting the outcome of the reported dancing agreement between the Princess and the Sultan.

COLLEGE GIRL BOOTBLACK.

How Enterprising Miss Hall Has Earned Money Enough for an Education.

DENVER, Sept. 25.—Miss Lu Verne Elizabeth Hall, the plucky Denver girl who has been conducting a ladies' bootblacking establishment to earn money for a college education, leaves the Western city to-day for Poughkeepsie, where she will matriculate at Vassar for a four years' course.

Miss Hall has been extremely successful in her undertaking; in fact, the revenues from bootblacking during the summer were sufficient to guarantee her at least a year's tuition. She will not close her establishment, which is situated right in the heart of the shopping district of Denver, but will continue to run it throughout the four years.

The business is no longer an experiment; it has been so thoroughly advertised that hundreds of ladies from every section of the city are now regular patrons. While Miss Hall is pursuing her studies in the East a young woman who has acted as cashier will look after the business, and a half dozen uniformed attendants will do the "shining."

The novel business was conceived early in the Summer. The girl's parents did not have the means to assist her in a college education, and as ordinary work at a salary would not enable her to get together the necessary funds, she sought some other way out of the difficulty. Miss Hall, with commendable foresight, decided upon the bootblacking idea as the one most practicable.

She accordingly rented space in the rear of a confectionery store in the downtown district, and hung out her sign. One colored man was employed, and he was busy a very small part of the time for the first week or so. When the object of Miss Hall's venture became noised about the business showed signs of improvement. The rush did not commence, however, until the newspapers told in detail all about the enterprise and the young woman back of it.

In three weeks Miss Hall increased her force to three men and enlarged her parlors to keep pace with her rapidly growing trade. Later on it got to be a "fad" to patronize Miss Hall, and within a remarkably brief period she and her admirers were rejoicing over the fact that the success of the thing exceeded their most sanguine expectations. By the 1st of August the force numbered seven people, a cashier and six "shiners," who have been kept busy almost continuously ever since.

Miss Hall, who is very modest, was delighted over the success of her venture, but was much grieved because the public had seen fit to regard her as something of a curiosity. She is of the brunette type, with a wealth of dark brown hair and large expressive black eyes, which some one has declared to be heavenly. She has fine features, and her figure is well rounded and graceful.

The receipts from her bootblacking parlors during the month of August aggregated nearly $1,000. Some idea of the fame that Miss Hall has so strangely acquired can be gained from the fact that for the past six weeks her mail reached several hundred letters weekly. These letters came from every State in the Union. Some of the writers congratulated her for her pluck, others contained offers of financial aid and free schooling, while not a few were proposals of marriage. Miss Hall employed a typewriter and replied to all, thanking them for the interest displayed in her behalf, but declining their offers.

Among the proposals of marriage was the following, from a Hoboken druggist:

She Fought in Man's Clothes.

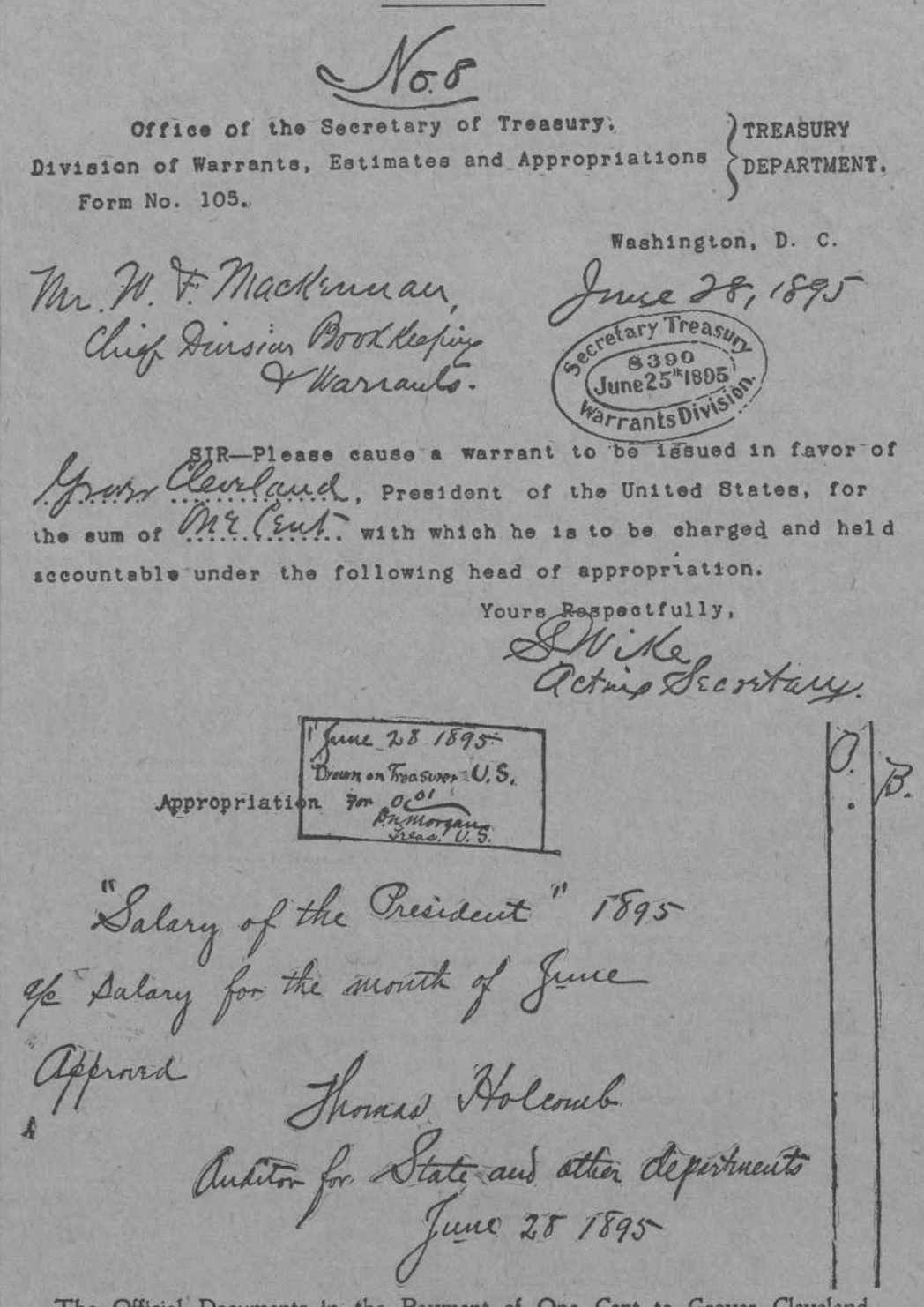
An echo of the Turkish-Grecian war is reported by a Salonica newspaper. At the local hospital in that city a Turkish soldier, seriously wounded, confessed to being a woman, when concealment was no longer possible.

The woman, whose real name was Chadidje Hanum, left her home at Saruchan, Turkey, at the outbreak of the war and enlisted under the name of Mehemet Keusse, in an infantry regiment.

When questioned as to her reason for fighting, she declared that she was fighting for Mohammed and that she had as much right to do so as any man.

SOLEMN HISTORY OF ONE CENT.

How Grover Cleveland's Presidential Account With Uncle Sam Was Settled After a Lot of Red Tape.



The Official Documents in the Payment of One Cent to Grover Cleveland.

THE smallest warrant draft ever issued by the United States Treasury Department, probably the smallest ever issued by any government, was for one cent, and was drawn as a balance due for salary to Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States. To go to the trouble of drawing such a warrant seems, on the face of it, a waste of time and clerical labor. But great is red tape and great the desire of the Government bookkeepers to have their accounts balance to a cent. And each official clerk and messenger who had to do with that warrant handled it as gingerly as if it carried the entire amount of the gold reserve.

To those who do not understand how the President of the United States receives his salary it should be explained that the $50,000 is not paid him each year in a lump sum. It is cut up into monthly allowances of $4,166.66 2-3. To get rid of the bothersome fraction the bookkeepers in the Treasury Department figure out that some months he shall receive 66 cents, other months 67 cents, and then the four days of March must be taken into consideration. It generally happens that these figures work out evenly without leaving a balance on account.

In May, 1895, President Cleveland received his usual allowance of dollars and 67 cents; in June 66 cents. As June closes the fiscal year the experts who went over the books a few days after the warrant had been drawn for that month's salary discovered that there remained one cent to the credit of Mr. Cleveland. It would not do to carry that cent forward on the account for July, and it was not considered proper to send a messenger across to the White House with a copper cent and a note from the Treasurer, as a practical business man would have done.

Instead, Acting Secretary of the Treasury Scott Wike drew out his warrant book and filled out "Order No. 8," on W. F. Mackennan, chief of the division of bookkeeping and warrants, for a warrant to be issued in favor of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, for the sum of one cent, with which he was to be held accountable.

A clerk made a note of this order and sent it by messenger to Thomas Holcomb, auditor for the State and other departments. The auditor approved it, signed his name, and had a clerk take note of it; then a messenger carried it to Chief Mackennan, of the division of bookkeeping and warrants, to draw the warrant, enter it on the books and charge it against the appropriation for the Executive's salary. In this division the warrant passed through the hands of the copyist, the bookkeeper who registered it, the clerk who indexed it, and the chief who examined it.

Another messenger carried the warrant back to the Acting Secretary, who signed it. It was then sent to the Comptroller of the Treasury, who countersigned it and entered it upon his books. Here the paper was handled by two or three clerks. It went next to the office of the Treasurer, where the clerk designated on its face "Washington" as the place of payment. The Treasurer signed the warrant and sent it over to the White House by special messenger. That is the last that ever has been seen of the warrant draft by Treasury officials.

President Cleveland did not cash it, and it is understood that he has had it framed, as he regards the paper a great curiosity.

In the Bootblacking Parlors of Pretty Miss Hall, Who Is Paying Her Way Through Vassar from the Proceeds of Her Unique Business.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE LYNCHED

By an Old Plantation Darkey Who Was "Jess as Dead" as He Ever Expects to Be.

A PARTY of Whitecappers in the vicinity of Ferris, Ellis County, Texas, went the other night to the cabin of an old plantation negro named Monroe Williams and took him to a body of timber and brush with the intention of lynching him as the perpetrator of a criminal assault on a twelve-year-old girl. Stripping him to the waist, they whipped him, placed a rope about his neck, after having tied his hands, arms and legs, and then strung him up to a limb of a tree. In a few minutes the Whitecaps departed, leaving Williams, as they supposed, dying.

Several negroes came along soon after and cut him down. He fully recovered and is now physically none the worse.

The Journal correspondent at Dallas went to Waxahachie, the county seat of Ellis County, to procure a statement from Williams as to "How it feels to be lynched." The old ex-slave, who is sixty-five years of age, was found lounging in the jail yard, having taken refuge at the jail for protection. In reply to the question, "How it feels to be lynched," he replied in the dialect of the old-time Southern negro:

"Boss, dat am about de stumpinest question ever put to me in my life. It am worse puzzlin' than anything dem turrible Whitecappers asked me. I don't know how to explain jes how it did feel. I was so bad skeered. I felt worse when dey wuz getting ready to pull me up dan when I wuz up dere. Fac is, I was almost past feelin' when dat rope begun ter pinch. At dat time my feelin's wuz turrible.

"When dey wuz tying my hands and arms, and legs, I wuz weak like a baby. I thought about all my life doin's, 'peared like all at one time. I guess, I must about fainted when de Whitecappers put de noose over my head. I recollect de pinchin' in my throat and a heap of breath pressed down in my ches' below my neck, and how I tried fer to scream and jerk.

"I didn't, fore God, do what dey sed I done, I kept thinkin' of dat fac' as long as I could think of anything, I don't know if I made any noise or kicked or struggled when I wus pulled up. I tried to hard. Sudden like everything wus dark and dizzy-like, and I felt like my body would split wide open and then I thought that wus death. There wuz a feelin' of forgettin' everything sudden-like.

"I knew it hurt awful pulling me up, but I don't think the pain wus so bad as I used to think lynching wus. I don't know how long I was hangin' from dat lim'. I was what you call unconshus-like. All of a sudden, feeling like tryin' to wake up and a buzzin' in my head and a-tryin' for to move my arms and body and legs, and my mind mixed up like, come on me; seemed like I was tryin' to talk and couldn't, and I seemed like I was between darkness and daylight and tryin' for to see and my eyes blurred. Seemed like it was a long time dat way.

"Den, sudden-like, der was a little of a recollection of a chokin' at my neck, and den I woke up dizzy and dazed-like, partly as if out of my mind. I can't explain jest w'at, but, yes, confused, as you call it.

"After a long time I begun to think together-like, and remember gradelly about the Whitecaps and de whippin' and de rope and de pullin' up to de lim'. Den I see two or three niggers standing round and feelin' of me. Putty soon my neck and head commenced burtin', and all my feelin's come back. Den I was all a-tremble-like and scared, as if it would all be done over ag'in, for I wuz afeared de Whitecappers would want to make sure to kill me.

"I know'd now I had been hanged and had been dead, as far as not having any feelin's left. After a while I could talk to de niggers who were wid me, and dey told me about cuttin' me down. All dat night and next day I was considerable like what you call confused-like in my mind. I couldn't get to thinkin' good.

"I don't know how it would be to be sure nuff dead, but I know I was sure nuff out of all feelin's and recollection when I was hangin' from dat lim'. During dat time I was jes' as dead as I ever expect to be when I die sure nuff, so far as knowin' anything goes."

THE WALTZ MUST GO

The Leading Dancing Masters Agree That It Is No Longer Fashionable.

VALE, the waltz!

The dreamy, rhythmic triple step by which we swung into the rose-hued land of day dreams, the exquisite, sensuous aid to our woolings, the terpsichorean means of reconciliation after a lover's quarrel, has been tabooed. It has been pronounced the dance of vulgarians.

A high crime has been laid at the door of the waltz. It has become unfasionable. A powerful body met in convention in this city in the early Summer months. It discussed and regulated the pleasures of the rich for the coming season. It decreed that the waltz as it is waltzed is a shocking and highly undignified feat. It issued an edict that the German importation must be danced in slower tempo or not at all. It adjourned with every evidence of complacency. It had done its duty, and done it in the manner of gentlemen and dancing masters.

The body was the National Association of Teachers of Dancing. It was a conservative and respectable organization. Young persons who like to cover a ballroom floor in three strides heard the pronunciamento and muttered rebelliously.

Boston saw the convention of a yet more courageous society. It was the American Society of Professors of Dancing. A fortnight ago it proclaimed that the waltz was no longer a dance, but a romp, and set the seal of its changeless disapproval upon it.

The waltz has had millions of devotees throughout its century reign. Preachers have fulminated against it and had the pleasure of listening to their own voices for their pains. Social reformers have inveighed against it, and still waltz music was heard in the halls of the rich and the houses of the poor.

When Lady Ancaster said that dancing was degenerating into a romp she set a new pace for the dancing masters on this side. The English Countess is an observant woman of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere order. Witnessing the terpsichorean gambols of the day until silence meant suffering to her impressionable nature, she gave the world her sentiments.

"The only dance which can claim, in the true sense, to be one at all, in the present day, is the waltz," she said. "Only, the waltz is being danced faster and faster, and if this is continued it will be spoiled. Owing to the pace it is simply galloped through to no step at all. This is fun no doubt, but not dancing.

"Doubtless balls reflect the life of the present day, which is one perpetual rush. No one can take pleasures calmly. Surely it is not the perfection of happiness to discover the art of perpetual motion, which is what this generation seems trying to do.

"Though times and manners change, I am sure a little old-fashioned courtesy, a little ceremony and a greater desire to participate with others in giving pleasure would be an advantage to us all."

The best known dancing masters of this city gave the Journal the following statements of their views concerning the dance:

PROF. AUGUSTO FRANCIOLI.

It is true that the waltz as a society dance is a thing of the past. It will always hold its own so long as dancing is done on the stage. The reason for its disappearance is the popularity of the minuet, than which there could not be a more stately or refined dance. My opinion is that the quality of grace is to be developed to the exclusion of romping, which has nothing but the exhilaration of exercise to recommend it. Society people will now affect the minuet and the gavotte; will learn to use the arms with grace in the dance and abandon that harum-scarum, degenerate, vulgar, ungraceful thing, the nineteenth century waltz and its hoydenish comparisons, the quickstep and polka and the like.

I believe we are to enjoy a renaissance of the beautiful costuming of the Middle Ages, a necessary accompaniment of the reform in dancing.

PROF. LAWRENCE DARE.

The waltz has become a romp. I am sorry to say it, but I must put the blame where it belongs, at the door of the college boy. College boys presume upon the amount of their fathers' money. They claim a freedom that no gentleman should want. They back a lady about without fear or favor. I have found in my twenty years' experience as a dancing master that the college boy is the one I need to watch in my classes.

He does not realize that the rule of dancing is always to take care of the lady. They violate this by backing her about as though they were moving furniture. Go to any college dance to confirm this. So long as the college boy's rule on the dance floor continues the waltz will be in abeyance. The two-step in slower time will be its successor.

OSCAR DURYEA.

The two-step is the leader. The secret of its success is that it is easy of accomplishment. It requires no art to acquire it. It can easily be learned in one lesson, while it takes a season or two to thoroughly master the waltz. There is more inspiration in the music of the quickstep, because it is quicker and the American must hurry even in his amusement. A waltz is not such unless it is danced to slow, dreamy music. You cannot hasten the tempo of a waltz without spoiling it. The reason for the present decadence of the waltz I take to be two-fold.

Its rival, the two-step, is more easily learned and can be danced with greater rapidity, thus appealing to the American love of rush.

PROF. T. GEORGE DODWORTH.

The disfavor shown the waltz is due to the romping introduced into it of late years. The two-step brought out so much boisterousness that was carried into other dances, the waltz among others. The very young set is chiefly responsible for this. There have been those who have always waltzed and danced the step in a sedate manner.

A great interest is being shown in the old-fashioned stately dances, as the menuet de la cour, the gavotte, the Pavane. Those are the dances in vogue in the time of the Louis and require much training in grace of arm and body. It is usually more difficult for men than women to accomplish this grace. Classes have been organized especially for the benefit to be derived from practicing these stately court dances. The interest in these old dances has been more marked in New York. I have been surprised to learn how little interest has been taken in them in other cities. New York is leading in taste for these dances.